

SAN ACCIDENT.—We are called upon to record another accident from carelessness in the use of fire-arms. The circumstances, as near as we can learn, are as follows:—On Saturday night, the 29th inst., a young man named Lawrence Beck, in company with two other persons, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Clinker, were out for the purpose of hunting coon, and on Sunday morning, having treed one, Mr. Marshall in attempting to shoot and after exploding four caps without discharging the contents of the gun, was placing the fifth one on the tube, when young Beck placed himself carelessly in front of the gun, which discharged itself and the whole contents were received in the breast of young Beck, killing him instantly. The accident happened about six miles South of this city.

MR. WEBSTER'S FORTHRIGHTNESS OF DEATH.—The New York Times, suspecting that an incorrect impression may be made by current remarks, as to the feeling which Mr. Webster himself entertained concerning the approaching termination of his earthly career, relates the following:

"When he was last in this city, on his way to Hartford, he seemed fully conscious of the ravages which the disease was making upon his system, though, as was his wont, he talked about himself less than upon any other topic. But just as he was taking his leave, a close and cherished friend who stood at the carriage door, asked him when he should have the pleasure of seeing him here again. With slow and measured emphasis and solemnity which evidenced the depth of conviction with which he spoke, Mr. Webster answered:—'Never again.' His friend tried to make a cheerful reply, and expressed the confident hope that a month of repose at Hartford would restore him to his wonted vigor. Mr. Webster shook his head sadly, but made no reply."

MORMON POLITICS.—The Mormons who flourish on Beaver Island, Lake Michigan, are perfect Robinson Crusoes 7 months of the year, and during the balance are plying the occasional visits of propellers and sail vessels. The men take life easy and resignedly; the women are Bloomerists in dress and do most of the drudgery. Politics have a slow growth in the Mormon New Jerusalem, the Saints having higher aims and objects, and an "ambition" other sects as well as worldlings might emulate and lose nothing here or hereafter. The Northern Islander, the organ of the Prophet STRANG and his followers, thus clearly defines the right before the public states on the best authority, that the Cabinet at Washington has taken firm and strong ground in opposition to the treatment of the Crescent City by the Captain General of Cuba, and says that it has no doubt that it will be followed by a speedy redress of the wrong complained of. It adds that there will be no "backing out" on the part of the administration, and that the ambition in to keep the commonwealth of their Heavenly Father, knowing that by so doing alone they have hope of his mercy and protection."

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE CRESCENT CITY AFFAIR.—A dispatch having been sent to New Orleans, stating that the government had yielded to the demands of the Cuban officials, in the case of Purser Smith, of the Crescent City, and had directed that the steamer should not again visit Havana, the Washington Republic, to set the matter right before the public states on the best authority, that the Cabinet at Washington has taken firm and strong ground in opposition to the treatment of the Crescent City by the Captain General of Cuba, and says that it has no doubt that it will be followed by a speedy redress of the wrong complained of. It adds that there will be no "backing out" on the part of the administration, and that the ambition in to keep the commonwealth of their Heavenly Father, knowing that by so doing alone they have hope of his mercy and protection."

FANNY INDIGNANT.—Certain paragraphs to the effect that a good wife is always cheerful and smiling in the presence of her husband, have incensed Fanny Fern, and she gives vent to her indignation as follows:

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good! Pappas will be happy to hear that \$250 pocket-money is to be dispensed with now, in the matrimonial arena. Their occupation's gone! Matrimonial tears are poison. There's no knowing what you'll do, girls, with that escape valve shut off; but that's no more to the point than whether you have anything to smile at or not; one thing is settled, you mustn't cry! Never mind back ache, and side ache, and rheumatism, and dropsical complaints, and smoky chimneys, and cold coats, and young babies! Smile! Flatters your husband. He wants to be considered the source of your happiness, whether he is baptized Nero or Moses! Your mind never being supposed to be occupied with any other subject than himself, of course a tear is a trait reprehensible. Besides, you miserable little whimperer, what have you to cry for! A-nt! you never-did! Isn't that the summum bonum; the height of your ambition! You can't get beyond that. It's the jumping off place! You're arrivé! got to the end of your journey! Stage puts up there! You're nothing to do with your laurels, and spend the rest of your life endeavoring to be thankful that you are Mrs. John Smith! Smile, you simpleton!"

A REPORTED MIRACLE.—We are not yet beyond the pseudo-superstition even in the present enlightened age. A reported miracle has been going forward, for the last few weeks, in a small village of Suffolk, England, in the person of a little girl of twelve years of age, who is declared to have fasted entirely from meat and drink for several sixteen weeks. All the wise men in the neighborhood have been in commotion on the subject, and two sets of watchers have been appointed to investigate the affair. The girl is said to be super-naturally clever, and much given to deliver spiritual revelations and exhortations to those around. One set of watchers, who declared against her, while the others maintain the truth of her pretensions no less strenuously, and especially that she takes neither food nor drink. The case is remarkable, and there is no doubt that the fasting has been carried in this case to a surprising extent, albeit such instances are not unprecedented.

ALL THE PAPERS for a claim of land have lately been filled with the Land Commissioners in California, covering four hundred square leagues of land, (2000 square miles) to be located on the west bank of the Sacramento river, extending from Puta Creek to a point above Shasta city, and reaching back to Clear Lake and the Coast Range. The tract specified includes nearly all of Shasta, Colusa, and Yolo counties. The claimants are the heirs of Auguste de Turbide, the first Emperor of Mexico, who was once banished, returned with a military expedition, was taken prisoner, and shot.

LATENT HOSTS.—A lady boy makes a lady man, just as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep appearances? The great mass of thieves, pimps, and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses, have come up to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community, those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

When a boy is old enough to begin to play in the street then he is old enough to be taught how to work. Of course we would not deprive children of healthy exercise, or the time they should spend in study, but teach them to work little by little as a child is taught to school. In this way they acquire habits of industry that will not forsake them when they grow up.

Many persons who are poor let their children grow up to fourteen or fifteen years of age, or till they can support themselves, before they are taught to work. Such children do not having any idea of what work is, and having acquired habits of idleness, go forth to impose upon their employers with laziness. There is a repugnance in all labor set before them, and to get it done no matter how, is their only aim. They are ambitious at play, but dull at work. The consequences are, they do not stick to one work, but shift from time to time, they rove about the world, get into mischief, and finally find their way to the prison or the almshouse.

ACTIVITY IN THE IRON TRADE.—The advantage of English rails has had a favorable effect upon mills in this country, and enable some of them to resume operations. The Monitor Works have just made a contract for twenty thousand tons with the Pennsylvania Central Road, at something like \$55 per ton, equal to cash. Ten thousand tons are to be delivered this year, and ten thousand in 1893. The Monitor Works, which are in the city of New York, are in operation upon Mr. John F. Winslow, of Troy, N. Y. The New York Tribune says that a purchase of two thousand tons English rails was made in that city, on Tuesday, by the Baltimore and Ohio Road at \$57 50, equal to cash.

FAMILY POISONED.—On Monday last, a family residing near Pittsburgh, and consisting of a man, his wife and two daughters, were poisoned by one of the members of the family mistaking arsenic for saleratus, and putting it into a pudding of which all partook. As soon as the poison began to take effect, medical aid was called in, and the proper remedies administered. All of them are recovering.

WE HAVE AN ITEM FOR THE LADIES.—A new bonnet has made its appearance in Paris,—originated by Madame D'Gulberg, a name famous in the firmament of European fashion. The material is new as well as the style. It is made of the skin of polished leather. Madame has secured a patent for her ingenuity (the Home Journal here, has learned), and has conferred the distinction of a patent upon a dashing milliner in Regent street, London. The Journal says:—"The possession of these bonnets has already become a perfect furor to Paris; and the really beautiful way in which the material is made subservient to every style of wearer, from the truly continental to the simple or demure of the country, is a thing to be admired. This article of dress is called the *Diphre* Bonnet. We shall keep an eye out for the first appearance of the *Diphre*. It will be 'a sight to see' when our ladies all get to wearing leather hats. That is a step that not even the desperate progressiveness of Bloomerism ever dreamed of."—*Albany Register*.

MR. WEBSTER'S TRIP FROM BALTIMORE TO WASHINGTON.—Mr. Webster, before railroads were built, was forced one night to make a journey, by private conveyance, from Baltimore to Washington. The man who drove the wagon was such an ill-looking fellow, and told so many stories of robbery and murders, that before they had gone far Mr. Webster was almost frightened out of his wits. At last the wagon stopped in the midst of a dense wood, when the man, turning suddenly round to his passenger, exclaimed: "Now, sir, tell me who you are." Mr. Webster replied in a flattering voice, and ready to spring from the vehicle, "I am Daniel Webster, member of Congress from Massachusetts!" "What?" rejoined the driver, grasping him warmly by the hand, "are you Webster. Thank God! think God! You are such a deuced ugly chap that I took you for one cut-throat or highway robber. This is the substance of the story, but the precise words used by Mr. Webster himself, in repeating it, we cannot recall.

Notoriety is the important element of success in business. It is through the newspapers of the country that this can be thoroughly attained. Fortunes are accumulated in a few years, by those who avail themselves of this power. The vast benefits resulting from systematic and continuous advertising are only beginning to be understood. It is the advertiser who, by the use of the newspaper, or the mechanic, may increase his business pleasure, in proportion to the energy and means he employs in gaining publicity. Then why do not all advertise? Because business men are only beginning to realize its importance. Still the amount of advertising seen in the columns of the journals has doubled within five years, and will double again in five more. Those who hang back will see their younger and more energetic rivals outstripping them. There is no use in contending against the spirit of the age. If they won't jump into the cars and pay their fare, they must be left behind to travel on foot.

HOW TO USE A COAL STOVE.—The fire should not be permitted to die out during the winter. By keeping the fire up, an immense quantity of trouble is saved, and paradoxical as it may seem, it is cheaper. The reason is this: The coal burns out during the long night, and the door of the stove is shut; whereas, if the door is left open it will burn out, and will be perfectly alive in the morning.

Less coal is therefore consumed. There is no danger in leaving the door open, as the draft is always strong enough to carry the smoke up the pipe or chimney. If any one sleeps in the room, the open ash should be lowered two or three inches in coldest weather, and more when it is milder. Having a comfortable fire in the room in cold weather, and yet enjoying fresh air by means of ventilation, is the very ideal of comfort, and is a state of mind an encouragement to the habit of early rising. Shake down the ashes, therefore before retiring. Fill up the stove with coal, and leave the door open until you wish to save yourself or servant a deal of trouble in the morning, and at the same time economize coal. But, by all means, open the window, if it is only the width of an inch.—*Ch. Statesman*.

PRESIDENT FILLMORE.—The Baltimore American learns, that as an appropriate mark of respect for the President of the United States, a number of gentlemen—Senators, Members of Congress, Judges of the Supreme Court, and citizens of high political parties—have employed Mr. D. Strow to execute a bust, in pure Italian marble, of Mr. FILLMORE, with the design of having it placed permanently in the Presidential Mansion, as an appropriate testimonial to the character of one who has so greatly adorned and dignified his high position.

Crossing the streets.—One little act of politeness will sometimes save the way to fortune and preferment. The following sketch illustrates this fact. A sailor roughly garbed, was sauntering through the streets of New Orleans, then in rather a damp condition from recent rain and rise of the tide. Turning the corner of a much frequented and narrow alley, he observed a young lady standing in perfectly apparent ignorance of the depth of the muddy water between her and the opposite side-walk, with no very satisfied countenance. The sailor paused, for he was a great admirer of beauty, and certainly the bright face that peeped out from under the little chip hat, and the Auburn curls hanging glossy and unconfined over her masculine dress might tempt a curious or an admiring glance. Perplexed, the lady put forth her little foot, when the gallant sailor, with characteristic impulsiveness, exclaimed, "that pretty little foot, lady, should not be soiled with the filth of this lane, and I will make you a path."

So springing past her into a carpenter's shop, he bargained for a plank board that stood in the doorway, and coming back to the smiling girl, who was just coquettish enough to accept the services of the handsome young sailor, he bridged the narrow black stream, and she tripped across with a merry "thank you" and roguish smile, making her eyes dazzle as they could be. Alas, our poor sailor was perfectly charmed; what else would make him catch up and shoulder the plank and follow the little witch through the streets to her home, she twice performing the ceremony of "walking the plank," and each time thanking him with one of her eloquent smiles. Presently our hero saw the young lady trip up the marble steps of a palace of power, and disappear within its rosewood entrance; for a full minute he stood looking at the door, and then with a wonderful big sigh turned away, disposed of his drawbridge, and wended his path back to the ship.

The next day he was astonished with an order of promotion from the captain. Poor Jack was so dazzled by the honor that he had never dreamed of being called to the dignity of a second mate's office on board one of the most splendid ships that sailed out of port of New Orleans. He knew he was competent, for instead of spending his money for amusements, visiting theatres or bowling alleys, he purchased books and had become quite a student; but he expected to intervene before his ambitious hopes could be realized.

His superior officers seemed to look upon him with considerable leniency, and gave him a fair opportunity to gather maritime knowledge; and in a year, the handsome, gentlemanly young mate had acquired unusual favor in the eyes of the commanding officer. One night the young man with all the other officers, was invited to an entertainment at the captain's house. He went, and to his astonishment mounted the identical steps that two years before, the bright-eyed mate had never forgotten—Thump, went his brave heart, as he was ushered into the great parlor; and like a sledge hammer it beats again, when Captain Hume brought forward his blue-eyed daughter, and with a pleasant smile said, "the young lady once indebted to your politeness for a safe and dry walk home." His eyes were dimmed, and his heart smitten; flushed hotly, as the noble captain sauntered away, leaving fair Grace Hume at his side. And in all that assembly was not so handsome a couple as the gallant sailor and the "pretty lady."

It was only a year that from that time that the second mate trod the quarter deck, second only in command to the captain, and not only in command, but in the vessel, but in the affections of his daughter, gentle Grace Hume, who always cherished respect, to say nothing of love for the bright-eyed sailor. His homely, but earnest acts of politeness towards his child had pleased the captain, and though the youth knew it not, was the cause of his first promotion. So that now the man has retired from business, Henry Wells is Captain Wells, and Grace Hume is, according to polite parlance, "Mrs. Captain Wells." In fact, our honest sailor is one of the richest men in the Crescent City, and he owes, perhaps, the greater part of his prosperity to his tact and politeness in "crossing the street."

"Bob, where is the State of Matrimony?" "It is one of the United States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are matrimony, children, and staying out late at nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a north-west passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics of housekeeping, when squally weather commonly sets in with sufficient power to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting State, consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against."

WHO KILLED TECUMSEH?—We know not how the individual has claimed the honor of this deed. But, like many other mysteries, the cloud of applicants only increases the darkness. Col. Skinner, down in Texas, has recently put in a claim. "Gentlemen," said he, "I want that battle where Tecumseh were killed—I was! I commanded a regiment there—I did. I'm not a quiver, but this I will testify—I won't back out of this. I will. Tecumseh was killed with one of my pistols; and gentlemen, a man wouldn't be very apt to lend out his pistols on a 'casion of that sort!'"

GLASS WALLS.—When the late Sir Robert Peel proposed his measure for the removal of the duty from glass, he wisely remarked there was no fore-seeing the limits of the novel application of this beautiful manufacture. The most recent of these is the use of glass in the construction of walls for the growing of fruits and plants, as well as the introduction of a new style of architecture. Glass walls have been erected in the city of London, and the disappointment in procuring with anything like certainty, a crop of fruit from brick to stone walls, led Mr. Ewing to consider whether this could not be obviated by substituting hollow walls of glass and iron; the invention has proved perfectly successful.

By constructing the walls of sufficient width to admit of becoming hot-houses on the best principle, the trees they contain are completely surrounded by light and exposed to the action of the sun's rays during the whole day; they form a delightful promenade in our uncertain climate in the winter months.

SELF-EDUCATION.—We all of us have two educations, one which we receive from others; another, and the most valuable, we give ourselves. It is this last which fixes our grade in society, and our actual value in life. All the professors and teachers in the world would not make you a wise and good man without your own co-operation; and if such you are determined to be, the want of them will not prevent it.

"Did you say that my brother Jim didn't know as much as Smith's yellow dog?" "No," said Smith's yellow dog knew more than your brother Jim!" **BOOTS FOR THE ARMY.**—Over thirty tons of boots were brought into San Francisco, by the Sandusky, Mansfield and Newark. The Register learns that they are all from one point, viz, Mansfield. The Richmond news must have had a lively time of it, and are clearly entitled to the "skates."

Tuesday Evening, Nov. 2, 1892.
THE CRESCENT CITY AFFAIR.—There has been a correspondence between Mr. George Law, of New York, and Mr. C. M. Conrad, the Acting Secretary of State, relative to the treatment of the ships of the steamship company, and of the Crescent City in particular. Mr. Roberts, the agent of the company, after detailing facts of the case, adds:

"If such be the state of things, our commerce with the Spanish possessions on the coast of Central America, and the mercenary of our caprice, or prejudice, or arbitrary dictum, of the colonial authorities. And we beg to solicit, as American citizens in the service of the government, and required by it to deliver its mails, protection and redress; or to be allowed to redress the grievance and repel the insult to our national flag, with such means, as such manner, as we shall deem equal and due to self-protection."

Mr. Conrad, in reply, says the government has no other information in relation to the affair beyond that related by Mr. Roberts, and it is therefore unable to say whether the mails and passengers will be allowed to land at Havana. He then adds:

"It may, however, be inferred, from past proceedings of the authorities, that mails and passengers conveyed in the steamer Crescent City, will not be permitted to land there, in the individual named Wm. Smith should remain on board of her."

MR. WEBSTER'S COFFIN AND CORSE.—A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Marshfield, under date of the 26th inst., says:—

The remains of Mr. Webster have been placed in one of Plak's metallic burial cases, which is covered with black velvet and ornamented—not profusely, however, with silver-plated mountings and handles. The case is lined with white satin, laid in small plaits. A plain though massive silver plate upon the lid, contains the simple inscription, "Daniel Webster."

In his last hours Mr. Webster gave instructions for the manufacture of four plain gold rings, to be presented to the following named persons, who have served him faithfully for many years, viz, Saml. Smith, (his nurse), Monica MacCarty, (his aged cook), Ann Bean and Wm. Johnson, domestics. He ordered the initials of his own name and that of each of the beneficiaries, together with the date, to be engraved on these tokens of regard.

Mr. John Taylor and wife, from the farm at Franklin, N. H., reached Marshfield last evening, and Mr. Brown, the faithful and favored colored man servant of Mr. Webster for more than thirty years, has been telegraphed to be present at the funeral.

The corpse is arrayed in such habiliments as his compeers of the Senate have often seen him, when on a bright summer morning he sought the Senate hall, to pass the words of wisdom and the light of truth upon some topic of surpassing public interest. A blue coat, with plain gilt buttons, vest and pants of spotless white, are substituted for the shroud. A white neckcloth encircles the throat, over which is turned the shirt collar. The feet are encased in silken hose and shoes of patent leather. The hair of the deceased is parted and disposed as in life, and his white-gloved hands are crossed upon his breast. The lips are slightly parted, just as when about to speak.

It is designed strictly to regard the dying wish of Mr. Webster in respect to his funeral. It will be simple and unostentatious. No military will escort him to the tomb, and only dirges will be chanted by the sea, whose not distant roaring now breaks the stillness of the evening air.

TO KEEP YOUNG.—No surer destroyer of youth's privileges, and powers, and delights, than yielding the spirit to the empire of ill-temper and selfishness. We should be as cautious, as we advance in life, of allowing occasional sorrowful experiences to overshadow our perception of the preponderance of good. Faith in good is at once its own rectitude and reward. To believe good and to do good, truly and trustfully, is the healthiest of humanity's conditions. To take events cheerfully, and to promote the happiness of others, is the way to insure a long and happy spring of existence. Content and kindness are the soft vernal showers and fostering sunny warmth that keep a man's nature and being fresh and green. "Lord keep my existence fresh and green," would be no less wise a prayer than the one so beautifully recorded respecting a man's life, "I would I could be as good as better memory, behind us, there is no way better calculated to secure it than by living graciously."

A cheerful and benign temper, that buds forth pleasant blossoms, and bears sweet fruit for those who live within its influence, is sure to produce undying remembrance that shall flourish immortally after the present stock is decayed and gone.—*Mrs. Conden Clark*.

AN EXTRAORDINARY LAW.—There is a law in Boston and in several other New England cities, which makes the private estates of the citizens liable for the debts lawfully contracted by them, and in case a judgment is rendered against a city, on account of any such debt, the execution may be levied upon the property of any inhabitant. Mr. Chandler, Solicitor for Boston, and Hon. Daniel Webster, certify that such a law exists in Massachusetts, and that it applies to the city of Boston.

The latest English papers say that the will of Neild, the miser, who left all his property to Queen Victoria, will be contested by the heirs, on the ground that he was insane when he did it. The papers also mention that Victoria had determined upon building a new castle for herself out of the money so bequeathed to her. The castle would cost about £100,000.

A lady, a few days ago, upon taking up Shelley's novel, "The Last Man," threw it down very suddenly, exclaiming, "The last man!—Bless me! if such a thing were to happen, what would become of the women?" Grandmother replied, "Never mind, my dear, there is too many left such as they are."

The Commissioner of the General Land Office has authorized the agent of the State of Michigan to select 750,000 acres of land, in the Territory of Michigan, to be a future lot, for the purpose of building the "Soo" Canal. This will give the State a chance to pick up farms and mines in the Lake Superior country.

"COLUMBUS AND OHIO RIVER R. R."—At a meeting of citizens intrusted in the proposed Railroad from Columbus to the Ohio River, by way of Lancaster and the Hocking Valley, held at Nelsonville, on the 28th day of October 1892, L. D. Postor, Esq., of Nelsonville, was appointed Chairman, and E. H. Moore, of Athens, Secretary. The object of the meeting having been briefly stated, and some appropriate remarks and explanations submitted by several gentlemen present, on motion of R. W. Cadey, Esq., of Athens, a committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs S. M. Shepard, W. W. Postor and L. Hutchins of Nelsonville, and J. L. Gill, Esq., of Columbus, to solicit a general attendance of the citizens from different points along the line, at a future meeting to be held upon the subject.

On motion of A. B. Walker, of Athens, it was Resolved that when this meeting adjourns, it adjourns to meet at Lancaster, on Tuesday the 18th of Nov. next, at 9 o'clock P. M.

THE HILLOTYP.—Professor Morse, the inventor of the Magnetic Telegraph, publishes a long letter in the National Intelligencer of the 8th, sustaining Mr. Hill's claim of having discovered the mode of coloring Daguerotypes. The letter is dated October 4th, as Mr. Morse, who, as an accomplished artist and colorist, was present a competent judge, says that he has seen twenty specimens of Mr. Hill's colored daguerotypes. The most of these were, he says, like all those of M. St. Victor, "copies of colored engravings." They were taken by the camera, and not as has been reported, "mere transfers of colored prints," but were real "copies of colored engravings." Two were exquisitely beautiful portrait heads from life, and one a full length of a child from life. One a landscape view from nature, principally buildings, which, although imperfect in parts, served from the circumstances to verify to me the genuineness of the discovery. The colors of Mr. Hill's process are so fixed that the most severe rubbing with a buffer only increases their brilliancy, and no exposure to light has as yet been found to impair their brightness. They are produced in twenty seconds. Mr. Hill has been suffering from hemorrhage, which has interfered with his labors, but Mr. Morse says:

Mr. Hill has made a great discovery. It is not perfect. There is much yet to be done to make it perfect, but he is in advance of all others, and has, within the year, successfully overcome two of his difficulties. Both yellow and white were defective in quality and truth a year ago—both are now comparatively perfect. Modern artists are other colors, which, in order to make them so true as to satisfy an artist's mind, will require yet further experimenting. Is not this reason enough for not at present giving his process to the public? Who has a right to demand him to reveal it to the public now? Who, indeed, has a right to demand it at any time!

EXPENSIVE RIDE.—A Bostonian returning from a tour through Europe, relates to the Boston Journal, the following incident, which took place at St. Petersburg:—"Several of our shipmates were on shore having a good time when in passing through the city we came to a colossal statue of Peter the Great, one of them declared he would have a ride on that horse, and no sooner said than he made a leap over the iron fence, and actually commenced climbing upon the tail of the horse, and before the astonished crowd could interfere to stop the movement, the captain was seated on the colossal horse, behind the great Peter. The Cape had taken his purpose, and the most difficult part of his enterprise was before him; viz, to escape from the horse without falling into the hands of the guard, who are constantly stationed around it for its protection; and here our captain, signally failed. He was arrested in his descent from his lofty perch, and there was indeed but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous, as he was led from Peter's horse to prison, as he was tried and convicted, and fined \$6,000 for his folly. By the interposition of the American Minister the fine was slightly reduced and was then paid by the captain's consignee, and he was released from confinement. When the captain remonstrated with the judge, at the largeness of the fine, saying it was rather an expensive ride, the judge good naturedly replied, that the captain never before rode so expensive a horse."

RESEARCHES IN PALESTINE.—A letter from Mount Lebanon states that the explorations of the Rev. Drs. Edward Robinson and Eli Smith, in Palestine, have added much to the geographical knowledge of the country. "Old Dothan and Succoth have been raked from the dust and superstition of centuries, and brought to light. The results of their researches will in due time be given to the public."

SEIZURE OF THE WASHINGTON.—The steamship Washington was taken possession of by the officers of the United States Government on her arrival at New York, on Wednesday, on suspicion of having smuggled merchandise on board, on her previous trip. The captain, purser and first officer were held to bail in the sum of \$5,000 each.

GOV. WRIGHT, OF INDIANA, has resolved not to appoint a successor to Senator Whitcomb, but to leave the selection to the Legislature, which meets in January. He also declines to have his name used in connection with the office.

SAFE TRAVELING.—The "People's Line" of steamboats on the Hudson river, to which the Isaac Newton and Hendrick Hudson belong, since 1848 have carried over 5,000,000 passengers, without a single fire by explosion, sinking, or any other casualty.

OLD BOOKS.—There is a Bible in Cincinnati printed in the year 1479, thirteen years before the discovery of America. Though it has been rebind several times, the paper and print are still firm and clear, and it bids fair to last four centuries longer. There is a still older copy at Worcester, printed at Venice in 1447.

A BAD SLEEPING PLACE.—At the bombardment of Rangoon, an officer worked so hard that he fell down exhausted and slept by the side of a gun for an hour and a half, while it was discharging ten pounds of powder at every fire.

"I never shot a bird in my life," said a fellow to his friend, who replied:

"For my part, I never shot anything in the shape of a bird, except a squirrel, which I killed with a stone, when it fell into the river and was drowned."

"The slaves of the South, when they wish to be severe on each other, say, 'Go along, half-price nigger, you wouldn't fetch fifty dollars, and I am worth a thousand!'"

"Mrs. Webster, it is said, will remove to New York and take up her abode with her relations, soon after the funeral of Mr. Webster."

The Important Ship Canal which is to unite Lake Superior and Michigan will soon be begun. The surveys for its location have been completed, and the ground has been found quite favorable for the easy and speedy construction of the work as was expected.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.—When Claude Melmette resolves to enlist in the French Army, Cal. Dumas squeezes his hand and says: "There shall not be a solemn hope without you!" There were several commanders of the Dumas school, in the American army, during the late war with Mexico. The dragon fight at Madelin bridge, was one of those fierce, hand to hand struggles, in which the Americans have no compeers, and was in truth a bloody affair, considering its short duration, for the Mexicans.

Upon noticing the strong position occupied by the enemy, Col. Harney turned to his men in a perfect transport of enthusiasm, and said, "Hurrah, boys! here's a fine chance to send your names home in the bulletin, among the list of killed and wounded! Come on!" The next moment they went thundering over the bridge; and what Harney called the prettiest little fight of the war, soon ended in the flight of the Mexicans.

The gallant Captain Walker, previous to his desperate assault on the Mexican forces, at Huamantla, said to his brave fellows, "We are fearfully out-numbered; but so much the better! we'll have fewer vacancies to waste powder upon!" True enough! there was not much powder wasted in that fearful struggle. But the daring captain fell dead, from his horse, in the moment of victory.

It is related of Twigs, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, that the day previous to the general assault, wishing to gain a position strongly occupied by the enemy, he engaged the commander of the mounted rifles, where there was a regiment ready to march straight into— not a very desirable place, which we will leave to the imagination of the reader. The officer to whom this significant inquiry was addressed, replied that he did not know whether his regiment was quite prepared for that, but that it was ready to do its duty; and it did, too, and nobly.

But the most desirable invitation of the kind we have any recollection of ever meeting, was that of General Lane, at the battle of Buena Vista; who, when the Indian regiment retreated, vainly implored them to return. Becoming enthusiastic, he appealed to them as they loved their native soil, and to do so their duty. "Come now," said he, and rush into the thickest of the fight. I'll lead you, and only think how glorious it will look in history, to have it said that the whole Indian regiment was cut to pieces.

THEY HAVE CARRIED AWAY PAPA.—We wish we knew the authorship of the following. What parent can read it without emotion?

As the cars in which we were recently traveling halted at the station, our attention was arrested by a beautiful little girl apparently less than two years of age, who was looking from one of the windows of a house standing but a few feet from the track. She was waiting most piteously, and on her sweet face was painted deeper sorrow than we had ever before seen on the face of an infant, such as this. All the while she repeated, with a pathetic indescribably mournful, "They have carried away my papa—When will they bring him back?"

Presently a lady, whom we instantly recognized as a friend of our acquaintance, came from the house, and entering the car in which we sat, took a seat near ours. "Did you observe a child at the window?" she asked, when the train had again taken wings.

"Yes," we replied; "and with deep interest." "A fortnight since," rejoined our friend, "the father of that little girl set out for the gold region. She was always anxious at seeing the cars pass; and the morning fixed upon for her father's departure, as she accompanied the train, clapping her hands in great glee, watched its coming."

"At that moment the father and mother entered the room, the former with a forced smile upon his features, and the latter pale and tremulous with suppressed emotion. One pressure to his fond heart, one fervent kiss, and the love-laden low was replaced at the window with a low 'God bless you, my darling Emi, Good-bye.'"

This was, evidently the first intimation to the little one of her father's intended departure. At the window she gazed quickly, and with a half incredulous expression, from the window, surveyed his person, and seeing that he was really equipped for a journey, returned his parting salutation.

"Good-bye, papa, good-bye." Another moment, and the adventurer had entered the cars, which were beginning again to move forward. The young wife and mother turned from the spot where the long farewell had been exchanged, and re-entered the dwelling with streaming eyes. Instantly the child appeared to comprehend that her father's absence was destined to be not, as usual, a temporary one; and, stretching her tiny arms towards her father, from a window, was casting behind a long, lingering, and clinging look, as if saying, 'O, please do come back, papa, and take mamma and Emi.'"

"The father, who had hitherto succeeded in maintaining external composure, was seen to withdraw his gaze, and press a handkerchief to his eyes."

"The child has scarcely smiled since. On the approach of the cars she always takes her place at the window, from which no inducement can draw her, and watches with eager eyes till she finds her father has not come, when in a tone of sadness truly affecting, she repeats as you have just now heard her, 'They carried away my papa. When will they bring him back?'"

Her appetite has failed. She has grown pale and thin; and when she sleeps, her thoughts are constantly with her absent parents. Her mother has decided to take her from the scenes which so constantly remind her of her affliction, as the only means of restoring her health and spirits."

"Lovely affectionate creature!" we could not help exclaiming, as the narrator ceased. The beloved one, his labors abundantly blessed, at no distant day, be restored to the joys of his home!"

COAL AS FUEL.—There is much art in the management of coal fire, and a great deal of disposition on the part of most persons to understand that art. The adaptation of coal in size and quality to a particular use is highly important. Large pieces will not burn in a grate, small pieces will not burn in a large space. There must be a well proportioned contiguity of particles, and a suitable volume of air passing through the burning mass. "Let no man persuade you," says the Philadelphia Ledger, "to buy a stove or a cellar furnace, that is not constructed with tight doors, and with means of supplying air to the top of the coal fire, as well as the bottom. The feed door should never be opened except to supply fuel. When open, of course, cold air rushes in and cools the side of the stove, wasting coal. When too much air gets in at the draught door and ash-pit, the draught is so strong that either your stove becomes too hot, or your chimney space, near the top, corrects the evil, losing heat. When no air is supplied to the top of the fire, about half of your coal escapes as vapor of carbon, unburned for want of air, without which combustion cannot be